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IN this number we present the portrait of our newest professor. His long work in connection with Queen's was recognized by his appointment last session to the chair of Natural Science. His indefatigable energy, displayed in every department of his work, has borne good results. Not the least of these results is the present efficient state of the museum, the equipment of which is due principally to his efforts. For a fuller sketch of his life we refer our readers to another column.

Now that the excitement of the elections is past and things are beginning to assume their normal condition, we shall endeavor to sum up the results calmly and dispassionately. We do not pretend to have such a comprehensive grasp of the position of affairs as to predict with certainty all the results of the past election, or even to indicate the course which the government ought to pursue. We might offer some suggestions, but refrain lest we should in any way embarrass the future action of the party in power.

An intense interest was manifested in the contest by the students—an interest not confined to the volatile undergrad, but extending even to the grave and reverend senior in divinity. There was no doubt a great deal of unreasoning enthusiasm and blind adherence to party, but at the same time there was seen a desire to obtain an independent understanding of the vital question which came up for discussion. It is a hopeful sign to see students take an active interest in a struggle bearing such important issues for the country. And we are inclined to think that party feeling in the college did not reach such a fever heat as it did among the various circles of

machine politicians. The student, if true to the name, in endeavouring to learn the real bearing of the questions which affect the welfare of the country should seek to get a wider view than that presented by the ring politician. To support a party does not necessarily mean to be fettered to it, but when party becomes the end and not the means this is an evil. The mere votary of a party is a slave and no free man.

The manifestations of this evil are seen everywhere. We have seen the interests of a city sacrificed on the altar of partyism by the veriest puerility of a deadlock. We have witnessed the humiliating spectacle of an intelligent (?) audience applauding to the echo the purest gush and verbiage containing scarcely the ghost of a reason, and elevating the utterer to the position of an oracle or a demigod. Here we have a modern manifestation of a very ancient form of idolatry. We refer to the calf worship of ancient Israel. The efforts of the average stump orator are not exerted in putting the questions fairly before the people for their consideration and instruction, but by every possible means, whether by suppression, exaggeration or misrepresentation to gain votes for the party he represents. This also is an evil.

But what shall we say of the acknowledged leaders of politics who hurl at each others heads the most opprobrious epithets, and seek to brand each other with the mark of disloyalty? They make a great commotion no doubt and fill the atmosphere with clouds of dust, but vision is thereby obscured. This is a very convenient method, as it costs little and often accomplishes the end for which it was intended. But since by this means the clear view of the question at issue is obscured, and politics is degraded into chicanery, a real injury is inflicted upon the country, and an insult offered to intelligence and morality. We cannot but conclude then that the leaders of the parties who have employed such tactics and have brought against each other the charge of disloyalty, being condemned by the very means they have adopted, are both found guilty of the charge.

We do not mean to say that no attempt whatever was made to discuss the question at issue. Free trade relations with the United States was the question upon which the election was made to hinge, and this question was to a certain extent discussed on the platform and by the press. In this fact there is an indication that the mind of the public is coming gradually to consider the gravity of the problem which now presents itself to Can-

adians. What shall be our relation to our nearest neighbor? Will closer commercial relations lead ultimately to political union? To look solely at the practical or utilitarian aspect of this question will give us only a partial and inadequate view. If pecuniary reasons alone are taken into account, then it will be a matter of indifference whether Commercial Union with the U. S. would lead to political union or not, so long as the most paying terms are made. But surely Canadians are impelled by higher motives than the "mighty dollar." There are far greater considerations that must be taken into account in deciding the question. In proportion then as the pecuniary aspect is raised to a leading issue will the central point be obscured. Nationality does not depend on commercial relations alone. There are elements of infinitely greater importance which enter into and mould the life of a nation, and are essential to its autonomy. These we must never lose sight of.

LITERATURE.

CARELESS CONTENT.

[John Byron, born 1691, died 1763, at Kearsale, near Manchester
Briskness of thought and fluency and lightness of touch are his characteristics.]

I AM content, I do not care,
Wag as it will the world for me!
When fuss and fret was all my fare
It got no ground that I could see;
So when away my caring went
I counted cost and was content.
With more of thanks and less of thought
I strive to make my matters meet;
To seek what ancient sages sought,
Physic and food in sour and sweet;
To take what passes in good part
And keep the hiccups from the heart.
With good and gently-humored hearts
I choose to chat where'er I come,
What'er the subject be that start;
But if I got among the glum
I hold my tongue to tell the truth,
And save my breath to cool my broth.

For chance or change of peace or pain,
For fortune's favor or her frown,
For lack or glut, for loss or gain,
I never dodge nor up nor down,
But swing what way the ship shall swim,
Or tack about with equal trim.

I suit not where I shall not speed,
Nor trace the turn of every tide.
If simple sense will not succeed
I make no bustling, but abide,
For shining wealth, or searing woe,
I force no friend, I fear no foe.

Of ups and downs, of ins and outs,
Of they're I' the wrong and we're in the right,
I shun the rancours and the ronts;

And, wishing well to every wight,
Whatever turn the matter takes
I deem it all but ducks and drakes.
With whom I feast I do not fawn,
Nor if the folks should float me, faint.
If wanted welcome be withdrawn
I cook no kind of a complaint.
With none disposed to disagree,
I like them best who best like me.

Not that I rate myself the rule
How all my betters should behave;
But fame shall find me no man's fool,
Nor to a set of men a slave;
I love a friendship free and frank,
But hate to hang upon a hawk.

Fond of a true and trusty tie,
I never loose where'er I link,
Though if a business budge by
I talk thereon just as I think;
My word, my work, my heart, my hand,
Still on a side together stand.

If names or notions make a noise,
Whatever hap the question hath
The point impartially I poise,
And read and write, but without wrath;
For, should I burn or break my brains,
Pray, who will pay me for my pains?

I love my neighbor as myself—
Myself like him too, by his leave!
Nor to his pleasure, power or pelf
Came I to crouch as I conceive!
Dame Nature doubtless has designed
A man the monarch of his mind.

Now taste and try this temper, sirs,
Mood it and brood it in your breast;
Or, if ye ween for worldly stirs,
That man does right to mar his rest,
Let me be deft and debonair,
I am content, I do not care!

EPIGRAM.

In truths that nobody can miss,
It is the quid and not the quis;
In such as lie more deeply hid,
It is the quis and not the quid.

God bless the King—I mean the faith's defender.
God bless (no harm in blessing) the Pretender!
But Pretender is, or who is King—
God bless us all!—that's quite another thing.

—J. BYRON.

BY LAKE ONTARIO.

"Cha tuile mi tuilidh."
—"I return no more."

Ca' the dog frae the hill there, Ewen,
There's a mist on the land frae the sea;
The day closes in dark and dreigh, lad—
Dark and dreigh, lad, for you and for me.

Here it's night, Ewen—there it is morning;
The sun will be well ower the Ben
By this—and the hairst gey well forrit
In the Spital and pairs o' the glen.

The saugh it grows best in but thin soil,
It will spring on a saft boggy brae;
The gled in the lift finds a hame, lad,
In the bracken by nicht and by day.

But ye canna transplant the auld tree,
The roots hae a grip in the grun';
Ye may feckly succeed in the young tree,
But nae if its gizzened and done.

It hands to the soil it has kenned lang,
It clings to the place where it grew;
Like the bird that flies back in the gloamin'
To the nest where in morning it flew.

You're young, Ewen, yet—ye are strong, lad,
You've a hack for the burden to hend;
When it's darkest the morning is nearest,
The hardest day draws to an end.

I've been young, and am auld, but have never
The righteous seen cast, or their seed
Forsaken, or kent that their forbears
Had ever gaen boggin' their bread.

That's for me and for you—but at times, lad,
I've a blink o' the glen I' may e'e,
And the spot in the yaird where your mither lies,
Awa' far in bonnie Glenshee.

The rowan that grew on the toon-loan,
Has lang been in leaf wi' the slae
And the birk and the ash—and the heather
Is red on the hill and the brae.

And the mist it came over the hill, there—
And the darkness rose out of the sea—
But the sun saw the rowan and the heather in bloom,
Awa' far in bonnie Glenshee.

PAUL MELDRUM.

GORDON AT KHARTOUM.

How died that day our hero saw it last?
Be sure his heart went westward with the sun,
Swift circling on to England, till he won
From alien airs, that mocked him as they passed,
A breath of English bowers; and the vast,
Waste, desert stretches were as they were not.
Dreaming of England he awhile forgot
The brooding cares that turned his thoughts aghast.
Careworn—God's breast was nearer than he knew,
A step beyond the Arabs' bloody rage
Dark ways turned golden, life's perplexing page
Grew luminous as shone His glory through.
Immortal dead—for death could not undo
This kindest heart God gave a gold-cursed age.

EMILY McMANUS, in *The Week*.

CLIMBING THE HEIGHTS.

"Climbing the Heights," an entertaining story of the taking of Quebec, by General Wolfe, appeared in *The Young Canadian*, of Feb. 4th, from the pen of T. G. Marquis. Beaumont, the hero of the story, just appears as a frightened boy whom the rough sailors in cruel sport are compelling to try "goin' aloft." He is befriended by General Wolfe, who, seeing that he was not cut out for a sailor, but had in him the qualities of a brave soldier, had him transferred to the army. Here, "under the immediate sight of the generous, lion-hearted soldier," he more than fulfilled the expectation of his general. After every plan to capture the citadel had been tried in vain, Beaumont finally discovered a means of scaling the heights, by which the British Army was landed on the Plains of Abraham and Quebec taken. Mr. Marquis tells the story simply and naturally. Nothing can be more suitable for Canadian youth than stories of our early history.

THE SONG OF THE EXILE.

[The Song of the Exile, a Canadian Epic. Visions and miscellaneous poems, by Wilfred S. Skeats. Toronto, Hart and Company, 1891.]

We do not know what were the arrangements agreed upon by the author and the publisher of this book, but it may be safely said that the risk was wholly on the side of the author; no publisher would be willing to run any chances on it.

Many of our Canadian journals, in fact most of them, have fallen into a mistaken manner of reviewing books written by Canadian authors. No matter what the merit of the poem it is praised, and well praised, in order, so it is said, to foster a love for Canadian literature. But it is surely evident that if a book cannot stand just criticism, coddling will not avail; it may succeed for a time, but the reaction will soon come, and the more the poem has been elevated above its true position, the further will it fall below it. And even if over-praise had not this effect, it would still be unwise. It defeats its own object. If everything is to receive praise, nothing better can be said of our true poets, of Roberts or Cameron. Thus about two years ago, one of the foremost Toronto papers gave high praise to a book of poems. Here are two extracts:

"Galt and Doctor Dunlap witty
Located and did plan city
Of Guelph, and cut the first tree down;
Stump was centre of the town," etc.

"A maiden cried, 'Alas
With horror I'll expire,
Unless you bring me that true glass
I bought of MacIntyre."

Such praise as was given to these poems would have been ample for "Actaeon" or "Off Pelorus." Will not this cause the general reader to rank Roberts with MacIntyre or Skeats, and thus bring contempt upon our literature?

The "Song of the Exile," which occupies more than half of the volume before us, consists of five cantos, each of about fifty six-line stanzas. The Exile is a young author who had loved, and been beloved by, an earl's

daughter. The earl had scornfully refused to permit their marriage, and therefore the Exile comes to Canada to make for himself a name. His rejection by the earl is thus described :

"He heard me silently, nor did he speak
For full two minutes after I had ceased ;
Then, while his eye flashed, and his livid cheek
Betrayed his passion, was his tongue released ;
And, in vituperative tones, he swore
That I should never cross his threshold more."

CANTO I., 12.

He visits the chief cities of Canada, moralizes on each, and finally, while at Vancouver, hears from the lady, who tells him that one of his books has become famous, and that he has been knighted for it.

"—, recognizing your unquestioned right,
The Queen has now created you a knight."

Besides, the earl has given his consent. There the poem ends, save that, as at the end of each canto, a long poetical letter from the Exile to his lady is introduced.

Such a subject—a stranger moralizing on what he sees in a foreign land—has been treated by many poets, the most famous being Goldsmith in the "Traveller" and Byron in "Childe Harold." Mr. Skeats, probably feeling that he might be under a disadvantage if he essayed to rival them, has treated his theme in a totally new vein. On the whole, Byron's way is the better.

Macaulay in a famous simile, said that Montgomery's poems had much the relation to true poetry that a Turkey carpet had to a picture. Mr. Skeats' work might not inaptly be likened to a rag-bag, nearly all whose contents have been stolen, and as far as possible not more than one piece from the same person. He seems to think that by using a line with only four or five syllables in it he becomes a Hood, that to describe a little girl of thirteen is to be a Wordsworth, and that he has reproduced "The ride from Ghent to Aix" or "The destruction of Sennacherib," when he has reproduced its metre.

In justice to Mr. Skeats, however, it ought to be observed that he has recognized Browning's genius, and stolen several rags from him. He has a great fondness for words, either of his own composition, or else usually esteemed unpoetical. As examples of the latter class "vituperary" in the passage already quoted, or "fluctuation" will do. "Vindiction" for "vengeance" will illustrate the first.

He also imitates Browning in using faulty rhymes. "Alone" is several times coupled with "communion." So too "peacefully" and "ingenuity." One of the best examples is found in Canto V., 1 :

"The prairie all environs me ; I see
Nought save a stretch of green and treeless land
Conspicuous alone for nudity."

Defective rhythm is, however, the only characteristic common to this extract and to Browning—or any other poet. In fact, notwithstanding all the author has pillored, much of his work bears a stamp of unmistakable originality. There is an extract only he could have written :

"Be Christian first and last, and be not slow
To propagate the cause of arbitration."

Like Sam Weller's knowledge of London, the Exile's knowledge of Canadian politics is extensive and peculiar. He is a burning Equal Righter, and advocates most stringent measures against the Roman Catholics, and especially the French. Here is a description of the House of Commons :

"Thus should they act, but thus do not they all,
But mildly bow to their dictator's bid ;
They fear to disobey him, lest they fall
Quick victims to his anger, or be chid
Severely by the leader, in whose power
It lies to give his slaves official dower."

CANTO III., 41.

"Not Liberal and not Conservative
Alone impels my wrath ; to either party
My feeble but impartial pen would give
A condemnation passionate and hearty ;
Each sees the wreck the Catholic has made
In Canada, and each implores his aid."

CANTO III., 48.

Two of the smaller poems are entirely on this subject. "Our politicians are base trucklers," cries the poet. "Let us have

"Men whose chiefest aim shall be to
Fight for Canada and home—
Men who will not bow before the
Dictates of the Church of Rome."

Most of the smaller pieces are written in anapaests, which, however charming they may be in the hands of Dryden or Scott, with Mr. Skeats degenerate into a singing doggerel.

"Blue, boundless and free, the deep-flowing sea
Enviros on every side
The ship, which the gale, well filling each sail,
Impels through the rolling tide."

However, the shorter poems (probably on account of their shortness) are rather better than the "Song." The best is "The higher duty," whose thought is that while sun, moon and stars fulfil their function, man alone is disobedient.

"I saw the sun. He shone in splendour bright,
Casting his radiance over dale and hill,
And all creation joyed to see his light.
He shone, and thus fulfilled his Master's will."

But here too Mr. Skeats' fondness for the wrong word breaks out.

"Oh, man !
Dost thou alone fall short and retrograde ?"
The "New resolve," also, is not bad, if its first lines did not bring up recollections of "Bring back."
"Last night as I sat in my study."

But whatever the contents, the book is beautifully gotten up, and reflects the greatest credit on its publishers, Messrs. Hart & Co., of Toronto. It is as pretty and neat a work as could be done by any English or American house.

"G."



REV. JAMES FOWLER, M.A.,
Professor of Natural Science, Queen's University.

REV. JAMES FOWLER, M.A.

Professor Fowler's life has been a very quiet and uneventful one, so far as the world generally is concerned. Its main feature has been patient steady work, resulting in attainments in scholarship which for thoroughness and breadth are very seldom reached. He has not had the stimulus with which some have been favoured. There was nothing in his surroundings either as a youth, or as a student, or as a minister, for nearly twenty years, to make him the scholar that he is. The force was from within, not from without; all was due to a genuine love of knowledge.

He was born early in the thirties at a place called Black River in Northumberland County, New Brunswick, of Scotch parentage. It is a quiet rural neighbourhood, far from the bustle of the world, not on any great thoroughfare of travel. He attended such schools as were available in those days. Schools fifty years ago were far from what they are to-day. In due time he found his way to the free church educational institutions in Halifax and in course reached the position of a probationer. During his time in Halifax he was a teacher in the Academy which the church kept up as a feeder for the college. Among his companions then, both in the classes and in tutorial work, was George Munro, who is now the millionaire publisher of New York. Mr. Munro is to this day warmly attached to his former fellow-student. While in the classes he shewed those qualities, such as careful research and thoroughness, that have ever since distinguished him. He graduated from the Theological College in 1855, and in 1857 was ordained not far from his native place. Kent County, in which his whole ministerial life was spent, lies immediately south of Northumberland in which he was born. The life that he lived there was a very obscure one. He did the work of his parish most faithfully; there was no duty overlooked. Every day he read his Hebrew Bible and the Septuagint Version until these languages were as familiar to him as our mother tongue is to us. Among other books bearing on the Bible, Robinson's Biblical Researches was a classic with him, he mastered it and he has it to this day. Then he was day by day prosecuting his investigations into the Flora of the Province as well as its Geology. He had no help but what books gave him, at least for a time. There came a period when he ventured to open a correspondence with men whom the world will not willingly let die, men like Asa Gray, but for years he plodded and delved and hammered and observed and classified all alone. The collection of dried plants, which he made in those years, was the wonder as it was the mystery of those who were privileged to see it. His fellow presbyters did not help him much, they could see no utility in the day-in and day-out scientific investigations he was making. So little was he understood by the members of the Synod to which he belonged, that when his name was put forward by enthusiastic friends in 1871 for a professorship in Halifax, another was preferred. The writer of this sketch knew but little of his attainments then, but he voted for him, he was one of the minority. Indeed, but that health failed him, he might have been to this day buried in that hidden corner and known only as a country minis-

ter. Along about 1875 an affection of the throat of a catarrhal nature unfitted him for preaching and in 1876 he was compelled to leave the pulpit. After residing in Carleton, St. John, for a short period he obtained an appointment in the Normal School, Fredericton, and not long after the Lectureship in Natural Science in Queen's was given him. About a year ago he was promoted to be full Professor. His work since he came to Queen's is too well known to need description. No one on the staff has been more laborious, no one more conscientious, no one more thorough, no one so modest with all his attainments. He has had more to do than was good for him, and while his duties are not so onerous as they were, they are taxing enough yet. A more devoted scientist does not live. He has never lost his interest in Church Courts. When a minister he was Clerk of Presbytery, and for a number of years past he has been Clerk of Cooke's Church Session, and is often a Member of Assembly. Of late he sat as an elder, but now that he is a full professor he assumes the standing of a minister in the Church Courts.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Dear JOURNAL:—

I was very much pleased to see some time ago a short article on your smiling page calling attention to the needs of the Museum. I do hope it may have the desired effect.

Graduates of Queen's are finding their way into every corner of the earth, but wherever they go they can never forget their Alma Mater. Thoughts of gratitude rise to-day in a thousand hearts to the good genius that directed their steps to the old Limestone City, there to become students of "good old Queen's." Queen's looks to all her sons and daughters for help for the Museum, but especially to those who are making Natural Science a speciality. What wonders have been wrought the past few years. In the olden days the Museum, if my memory serves me correctly, (we were only permitted on rare occasions to look at it through a wicket) consisted of two boxes and a small table with a glass top. In these precious boxes the mineral and conchological wealth of Queen's lay stored up, and it would have been treason equal to that of which Farrar has been deemed guilty to have peered into their sacred contents. But what could be done more than was done; there was no room available to be fitted up for a museum, and even if there had been, each Professor had the work of two men, and one or two were doing the work of three. There was no incentive then to collect and send specimens. Now, all has been changed. And oh, what a change for the better! A large and suitable building, fire proof and well fitted up for exhibiting contributions from every part of nature's wide domain. Professor Fowler, by his constant labours, when other men are enjoying a well earned holiday, is bringing order out of chaos. Already people from the surrounding districts are beginning to ask have you been to see Queen's museum? In the years that are to come, Kingston, because of its beautiful situation, will continue

to attract tourists in ever increasing numbers. During the summer the Museum and Library are all that is visible of that University, except the bare walls and John. But more important than all these reasons, there is no other reason so potent for training men in the different branches of Natural Science as a well stocked Museum. In plants and minerals our Museum now makes a very respectable appearance. But we want 1,000 birds and four-footed animals within the next five years. If each one will do one-tenth of what Dr. Robert Bell and some others have done this will be more than accomplished. I appeal to you men who love Natural Science, form a Nimrod society before college closes, let every man go out determined to be a mighty hunter. Professor Fowler will give all needed instructions, and let the four-footed beasts and birds and creeping things be gathered in and mounted, until the Museum of Queen's becomes one of the wonders of the earth. Leaving the matter in your competent hands, gentlemen.

I remain, yours truly,

OLD BOY.

CONTRIBUTED.

A GERMAN UNIVERSITY.

I—THE STUDENT.

INSOMUCH are the ways of German students so vastly different from those of Canadian college life, it will not be inappropriate to sketch a few of the peculiarities of life in der *keiniglichen Friedrich-Wilhelms Universität zu Berlin*—a typical German university, fearfully and wonderfully made, possessed of a rector with autocratic power and not a few satellites, a teaching body which, for want of dignity, rank, and learning, cannot be assailed, and a score of palatial buildings—the most interesting of which, upon the principal avenue of Berlin, is the chief executive. A wise and good king of Prussia transformed this once royal palace into a seat of learning, and it is delightful to wander through the old place with its pillared halls, quaint courts, worn stone staircases, antique galleries, dilapidated lecture rooms, and gorgeous audience chambers, yet the idea of desecration does not seem to be associated with the thought that students at present frequent halls in which, a hundred years ago, princes dwelt.

The average *Deutscher* student accomplishes very little in one year; even as Bret Harte's Heathen Chinese had his heathen peculiarities, the German has his also. He has never been taught to hurry or exert himself, and he does not propose to create a diversion by departing from established rules. Doing in eight or nine years that work which could be done in five, looking upon life, present and future, through rose-colored glasses, achieving nothing to-day which ought to be achieved, it follows naturally that he is idle, cheerful, and happy, but an uninteresting sort of fellow withal, who eats often and drinks much with great gusto, preserves his personal appearance carefully, and has a decided weakness for the society of the ravishingly pretty *kellnerinnen* (waitresses) who dispense beer and smiles with equally extravagant grace. Among

his fellow countrymen the student is the soul of wit and humor, but among Canadians he would be judged the quintessence of sluggishness—Teutonic effervescence differing so widely from ours. His student days are looked upon as the legitimate period of life in which to offer up sacrifice to Bacchus, and to acquire that phlegmatic content so eminently German, and so eminently necessary under five per cent. taxation and a despotic system of military feudalism which the Englishman of six hundred years ago would not submit to. The student experiences a touch of the latter ere his academic days are well begun, it is intimated to him by the powers that he may at any time be required to serve his king and country, and perchance before the two or three sessions necessary in order to form an acquaintance with the location of his various lecturers have gone by, he must shoulder his musket and, while undergoing rigorous military discipline, live upon the recollections of those Bohemian sessions so intimately associated with his *corpus*, when sleep, tobacco, and beer occupied his morning hours, with never so much as a shadow of remorse in the thought that a certain tutor might be lavishing his eloquence upon empty benches. After his year of service he returns to the bosom of his friends, and while away a half dozen sessions in committing errors against prudence rather than against virtue by laying siege to the heart of his for the nonce favorite *kellnerin*, in satisfying his thirst for glory on the duelling ground, and in convincing himself with much labor that the time has at last arrived when he should apply himself to his work. Plodding rather than brilliant, let it be said to his credit that when a German is industrious he accomplishes much. He eschews "wine, woman, and song," buries himself in books and labors heartily, is violently interested in the welfare of his professors, and emerges—it may be at the end of his seventh or eighth year at the university, to enter into his fight with the world. *Ad vno disce omnes.*

There will perhaps be something of interest in a description of one of the phases of this eccentric life—duelling, a veritable relic of mediævalism, rampant in the Fatherland. To us Canadian students, such a method of clearing away differences and enmity is incomprehensible, yet, despite that fact, our hibernian brother holds silent contempt, hard words, or mayhap, quite as hard blows, to be an infinitely less graceful and honorable mode of procedure in cases of insult than carving the lie direct upon the offender's pate in the most orthodox and approved fashion. Whether a tender toe has been trodden upon, or reflections detrimental to the student's character or friends have been indulged in, it matters little. Our hero proceeds to make his presence known by a strange mixture of Euphuism and politeness, which has for its end a challenge. An exchange of cards is effected, the duel being arranged on the morrow by chosen seconds, and following of necessity within a fortnight. In Berlin, the weapons in use are the *sebel* and *schlaeger*, the former, and pseudo-sabre, being a heavy curved blade, sharp upon its converse edge, with a metal open-work hilt, and the latter a slender, straight, square-pointed blade, with a bell hilt. Pistols are rarely indulged in, although the writer remembers that weapon to

have been chosen by a friend—a member of that *corps* with which he had the honor to be connected. *Schlaeger* duelling is connived at in Prussia, as, under those regulations governing it, a man will not be injured sufficiently to prevent military service, but in the majority of German states and, above all in Saxony, the more than upright preservers of law and order exert themselves either to prevent or to be soothed by coin of the realm; sabre duelling, a dangerous amusement only resorted to under great provocation, is prohibited, nevertheless, to satisfy the demands of insulted honor, and to cross swords with an utter stranger who, a few days before, has stumbled over him while both were “in their cups” this stern defender of the laws of honor will steal forth early on the morning of the appointed day, and, eluding a score of policemen, reach a modest public house in a quiet quarter of the city. It is not difficult to imagine that under these circumstances the field of battle is to be the kitchen garden, the garret, or the best parlor. The writer is of opinion that the details of such an encounter (and of which he was an eye-witness) may not prove altogether unacceptable to the reader.

As the termination of an altercation, during the course of which one of the principals challenged the other's word, satisfaction was demanded, sabres were suggested, and the willing little servant of the *Landmannschaft Normannia* was sent to grind the swords which have braved for forty years the battles of that warlike, but exceedingly good-hearted *corps*.

The surgeons having arrived, and the duellists having been gloved and padded, the seconds measured the ground. Each combatant was to take his stand within reach (with his sword point) of his opponent's breast. Everything being ready, their swords were given them and they took their places; the referee, taking off his cap, stated the cause and conditions of the duel, and received a statement from each principal that reconciliation was past; the seconds advanced and shook hands; the duellists bowed to each other and raised their sabres, the seconds at the same time crossing their's in the centre; the referee shouted “In guard!” and the dogs of war were unslept. The blades whistled through the air and clashed in a second, but both men were expert swordsmen, and acted upon the offensive and defensive with apparent ease. He who fenced more cleverly was the man who was so *furchtbar böse* (terribly angry), therefore he was a little rash, and the fear among his friends was great; but when a rest was called, after ten rounds, both men leaned back intact. (By way of parenthesis, it might be said that the duel was to consist of sixty rounds of fifteen seconds each, unless one man received injuries beforehand which rendered him unable to finish. A rest of but a few seconds' duration was called when either second demanded it; apart from these, two “great” pauses of five minutes each were declared—usually occupied in examinations by the surgeons, and fortifications with *agua rita*. Wounds received in the course of the fray could not be dressed until the fighting was declared over, although each surgeon was allowed to examine his man at the time of his receiving a wound, and, if necessary, to stop the duel, owing to its severity.)

Upon crossing swords in the eleventh round it was evident that both men were angry; their blades cut the air more savagely, drawing sparks when they met; and after a few rounds of finished fencing, both combatants were decorated with wounds—one across the bridge of the nose, the other on the forehead. The sight of a little blood seemed according to the eternal fitness of things, for the men began to deliver their cuts with more rapidity, and to draw closer together. The rounds went quickly by, the white clothes bore evidence that duelling among students is not romance, and perspiration streamed down the faces of these heroes. A second savage-looking wound across his sword-arm partially disabled one of them, but the sixtieth round was fast approaching and, with that stoical remark: “*Wir müssen immer nehmen was der guter Herr schiekt*,” he held his ground. When each round requires all a man's available strength, it follows that, during a duel, the energy is quite exhausted, so when the referee called upon the seconds to cross the principals' swords, one could see that it was time. Taking off his cap once more, the referee asked if the satisfaction demanded had been given; the principals bowed, the seconds bowed, the referee bowed, and all was over. The surgeons dressed the wounds, the two heroes of the fray dressed themselves, and after much elaborate scraping, all, redolent of iodoform, retired in search of the nearest dining place, as it was already long past noon.

W. FIELD WOOD.

COLLEGE NEWS.

CLASS OF '91.

ONCE more it is our duty to wave a last farewell to another graduating class. We well remember that when they first entered we all shook our heads and said they would never do for seniors. But time and the perennial *Concursus*, ably assisted by the Profs, have done their work, and now we turn them loose, confident that they will hold their own against the world, uphold the honor of old Queen's wherever they go, and always read the JOURNAL. With sorrow we say farewell, '91.

No. 1.—T. J. Lockhart—class, mammalia; branch, craniota; order, bimana; genus, bonarum naturatum studiosus; species, quatuor; variety, homo sapiens; sub-variety, Thomas Jerubbael Lockhart. Being a man of science and acquainted with grief, it is thought that when he dies the word chemistry will be found written on his heart. Of late he devotes his days and nights to counting the whiskers on a grasshopper's chin and boiling cod fish heads—as the college well *nose*. During his holidays, however, Tom gives full scope to his great love for the good and the beautiful, and may be seen on a summer's eve strolling with the same. In this weakness lies his strength.

No. 2.—F. A. W. Ireland is a hustler; says little but thinks much. Always carries four books under his arm and a genial smile on his countenance. Diligent and punctual almost to a fault; he has only once been known to miss a class, and has not been late more than twice. An ardent student of all literature; he will long be

remembered by the Professors of Classics and English. An enthusiastic admirer of every college sport, and an active member of every college institution; he has won the respect and regard of all students. He is withal a firm believer in Mill's Theory of Mathematics, Major Edward's view of Single Tax, and the National Policy.

No. 3.—W. F. Nickle—Symbol Nt, commercial name, Billy; atonic weight, 125; boiling point, 20° below zero on Rosedale grounds. On the principal of hair-red-ity Billy inherited from his Danish ancestors a great liking for all manly sports. To his never ceasing energies, his unflinching zeal, his indomitable perseverance, his superhuman efforts, etc., etc., etc., Queen's foot-ball team owes much of its phenomenal reputation. We predict for W. F. a happy future, a constantly enlarging sphere of usefulness, and feel confident he will die at peace with all the world—except Hamilton and Ottawa College.

No. 4.—Norman R. Henderson—Lights low, music soft, as this fairy floats across the stage Norman is a real nice girl. As he is unable to sing, the Glee Club has made him organist. At nearly every practice the hooks are suddenly missed. Everybo y saw them a minute ago. After a vain search it is generally found that Norman has been sitting on them. Some say he wears a moustache. Disputed point! During his course at Queen's Norman has made many warm friends, and it is lamentable that more men of his fine nature are not to be found.

No. 5.—That noisy individual. O! That's James O'Shea. As his name indicates, Jimmy is of French descent, and by dint of constant practice, he now does his thinking on alternate days in French and German. He is a clever and popular student, and will return and complete his course for M.A. next session, after which, we are informed, his attention will be devoted to teaching, in which he is peculiarly adapted to shine.

No. 6.—H. W. Baker has positively grown younger since we first saw him, bearing invariably a look in which to note the result of his pursuit of knowledge, and a gentle smile. Herby is a good boy, and his only dissipation consists in Sabbath School teaching, where he says his acquirements in Philosophy, Mathematics and Single Tax are invaluable aids in reaching the unregenerate. Mr. Baker has never been known to be irregular in punctuality and attendance, nor, as before intimated, to do anything wrong. In fact, he is ex-officio chaplain of the senior year. We are proud to claim that a more honorable or more gentlemanly student never graduated from Queen's.

No. 7.—Next enters jovial, genial Joseph Boyle, whose peculiar studies are Mathematics and Human Nature, not speculative merely, but practical as well. Towards which he leans more has not been definitely ascertained, but often and often has he been known to express bitter regret on account of the extent to which mathematics interferes with more serious concerns of life. By way of compensation, may a medal be added to his trophies. We are not sure that there is any foundation to the rumor that Joe has been offered the leadership of

the Home Rule party, but we venture to predict a bright future for him in whatever line he may select.

No. 8.—C. C. Arthur has a great capacity for Science, Physics and sandwiches. He is said to be the only survivor of the sixty knights of the round table, but that he heroically performs the duties of each to the best of his great ability. A first glance at his physiognomical portrait cannot but be directed to the hirsute growth of his orbicularis oris. This is Colin's pride, and he has always paid extra at his boarding house for wear and tear incurred on mirrors while arranging it. On the whole his course has been a brilliant one, and marred only by losing his vote at the Dominion elections and by occasional altercations with the Deane (Fred) of the faculty. Colin's forte is Chemistry, and especially has his genius shown itself in ways and means of performing experiments illustrative of characteristic properties, as the Homiletic Class will vouch for. We might add that the Senior Judge stated positively, and that after an acquaintance of four years, that this individual could eat more in eight hours than any other man in Queen's could consume in the same number of days.

No. 9.—Thomas J. Thompson is unique. He makes his own jokes and laughs at them himself. When five years old this remarkable youth had developed a strong taste for Philosophy, though at that time rather sceptical. Tommy is a warbler of no mean order, and in his favorite solo, "There's a Hole," defies competition. He believes in the Conservative form of Government, externally, and the Arminian internally.

No. 10.—F. G. Kirkpatrick—Sage, Poet and Philosopher. It once was thought that on account of his surname F. G. must have a great love for the Irish Church, but alas, he has sadly disappointed all our expectations. He has, however, a number of redeeming features. Prominent among these are his feet and nose. He is also possessed of a burning desire "to know." We never remember meeting anyone else possessed of such a powerful all-absorbing curiosity. F. G.'s great stronghold is Philosophy. In all that Mill Hume Kant et al didn't know he is most thoroughly versed. We have great hopes for him—if he lives long enough.

No. 11.—The next personage to appear in the role of would-be graduates in the sublime drama of college life is H. Sandfield Macdonald. Though apparently unassuming, yet fame has marked this gentle whiskerless youth as her own, and to-day we find him coveting a sheep skin. 'Tis true he never came forth from the campus covered with glory and mud, nor ever moved the listening multitude in his Alma Mater with his burning eloquence, as has some of his more gymnastically-oratorically inclined class-mates, yet no one can wear a Scotch cap with more unaffected grace and bewitching suavity than Hugh. Taken altogether Hugh is a well-meaning boy, harmless and beautiful as a summer's morning, and will no doubt continue to subscribe for the JOURNAL when he leaves for parts unknown.

No. 12.—Next, C. R. Webster, alias Charley, at your service, sailor, politician and footballist. We have no authentic account of his ancestors or his early life, but if we may determine Genealogy from Stature, then C. R.

is a lineal descendant of Longfellow. Although Charley always passes his exams in the spring, yet he is pre-eminently successful in the *fall*. Charley's natural tendency for music has been carefully trained in the Physics class-room, and now he sings to his fair one with the alluring pathos of a siren, "I took it." All told, Charley "is as strong as a lion and as harmless as a dove," and will be missed from the walls.

No. 13.—J. Downing—A grave solemnity pervade the countenance of this mixture of Paul Pry and Sarsaparilla. Though of a most retiring disposition, Joe is a general favorite. It is claimed, however, that last year he was occasionally seen in the vicinity of Ontario street looking for the other side of the Dualism he had heard so much about in Junior Philosophy. Being convinced that the things of this world are "a delusion and a snare," Joe at present devotes his evenings to Baxter's "Saints' Rest," and will sometime take a course in Divinity. We predict for him a happy future.

No. 14.—James Rollins—To attempt to describe this worthy would be like trying to paint a lily or to gild fine gold. He is unmarried, wears a moustache, and approves of being called "Chief." James occupies the position of spare man, in case the Chief Justice should be taken ill or the Lord High Inquisitor on his holidays. He is also Junior Judge of the Concurus, and is undecided as to whether he will peddle or preach.

No. 15.—W. D. Wilkie, alias Lasca. His most notable peculiarity is a hard, metallic, blood-thirsty tone of voice. Don't infer, dear reader, that he is a cruel young man. On the contrary; he is as gentle as a goat. Thinking to have variety, which is said to be the spice of life, our friend has been taking some Theological lore with his Art studies, but after he graduates will live on the unmixt food of Divinity dogmas in the Hall. W. D. is a good fellow, with a faculty of minding his own business, and of maintaining his equilibrium in the roughest storms of life.

No. 16.—James Leitch—Since Jim's father brought him to College four years ago, that venerable sage has pursued the even tenor of his way, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left. During his course he has acquired a Sciatism, a fine silky beard, and a contempt for women and children. He may well be described as an Israelite in whom there is no guile. James enters the Hall next year.

No. 17.—Alfred E. Lavell is one of the promising men of the year. In fact, with respect to promises, he might well be termed a liberal. While not exclusively devoted to study, he has developed a great ability for politics and business matters generally. His motto seems to have been—"Give me office or I die." He has done good service to the Glee Club and the JOURNAL, as well as to many other college institutions, and probably possesses more college spirit than any other man in his year.

No. 18.—George F. Newman—As the Prof. in Honor History remarked, names were formerly given on account of some distinguishing feature, and their significance is sometimes seen in this day. George is truly a phenomenon. He laughs like a hyena and works like a horse. It is a disputed point as to whether he studies twenty

or twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four. At all events he works to purpose and stands high in his exams. He will teach after graduating.

No. 19.—Arthur Belzabub Cunningham—An ordinary life-time is too short a space of time in which to give an adequate description of this worthy. He is distinctly individualistic. He sings in the Glee Club, wears a long black beard, can shew most hockey players a few wrinkles, plays foot-ball and objects to quibbling. He is extremely modest and reserved. As exams approach Cunnie withdraws from the visible world for a season, only to re-appear, confident of success on the decisive day. After graduating he will study law.

No. 20.—R. J. Hutcheon, four feet five inches tall, and, as Homer pathetically adds,

He has pretty blue eyes
And is short for his size,
Has curly light hair,
And is very, very wise.

Hutchie is always late for class, and wears a kind of "wouldn't hurt a chicken expression." On oath he stated that he was twenty-one years of age, and was attending college by permission of his parents. Next year he will enter Divinity Hall.

No. 21.—J. A. Beattie, formerly believed to have been a native of Texas, born and bred among the ranches. Later accounts, however, go to prove that "his ribs" first saw the light in the royal town of Guelph. Combining the two we arrive at this conclusion, viz: that he is native born but of foreign extraction. In appearance he combines the ferocious with the pacific, and is never seen to better advantage than when with a hymn book under his arm he wends his downward way from church on a Sunday morning. He has always taken a prominent place among the boys, both in deviltry and devotion, and has, during the last two months, filled the office of High Sheriff in the Concurus with a quiet and unassuming dignity quite appalling to the Freshmen. He is a conversationalist of the most versatile type, and will no doubt later on revolutionize the English language, combining as he does the novel and archaic style of diction in the most inimitable manner. In conclusion we may add that he is a sample of the "hail fellow well met" type, and was never known to let a fellow man go dry while he had a nickel in his pocket. We wish him success.

No. 22.—J. A. Black—What's in a name? A good deal we should say in this case. At least no one would think of hailing at first the subject of this sketch as Mr. White. He is a tall hungry looking individual, and keeps his whiskers trimmed in order to present as little existence as possible to the atmosphere. He is a Y.M.C.A. man in full standing—six feet three in his shoes. His bearing is quiet and unassuming almost to melancholy, but in his classes he gets there just the same. He divides his time between philosophy and religion, and is an authority on Hallam's Middle Ages. Divinity Hall will see him next year.

No. 23.—Struan G. Robertson—The name at once reveals the fact that this worthy is of Scotch birth. G. was not in the original plan of the name, but to give it

balance it was found an extra letter was necessary. Struan is always a gentleman, and as such is known in college and out of it. He has always been a favorite with the fellows and is idolized by the ladies. During this session he has occupied the position of Senior Attorney in the Concursus, and has conducted his cases in a most gentlemanly way, and often did the sympathetic tear steal down his cheek as his position forced him to make hard though truthful charges against the offending Freshman. We are sorry to lose him, but hope he may in his legal course which he is to follow, always uphold truth and righteousness, and soon occupy a judge's seat.

No. 24.—William F. Gillies hails from Carleton Place. His pale marble forehead and pallid face give that air of pensive melancholy grace that is so attractive. But he is fond of the "quips and pranks and social glee" in which the thoughtful youth about the Halls sometimes engage, and to hear his loud laugh is a pleasing sound and a heartsome. Will divides his time between skating, ladies, trying to play the fiddle and sometimes studying. He has some idea of being a preacher, but we take this opportunity of warning the unsuspecting public, for he is a bass singer and a deep thinker. We wish him success in the west this summer.

No. 25.—John McC Kellock—We may at once acknowledge that an adequate description of this worthy is beyond the power of our pen. His accomplishments are without number—preacher, singer, elocutionist, literature, debater, etc., etc. He occupies a distinguished position in each. He is always in a hurry, whether he is busy or not, and many an indifferent student has received fresh inspiration from the mere sight of John rushing along the college halls, his head gracefully poised on one side, and loads of manuscripts and books bulging forth from every pocket. To hear him tell a story in his own inimitable style is a rare treat. But why go on? Everybody knows John from Calabogie to the Red Sea. We understand he is to start on a prospecting tour as soon as exams are over to hunt for Presbyterians around the Upper Ottawa.

No. 26.—W. A. McPherson entered with the class of '86, and after two years attendance dropped out for several years. He returned last year and is now looking for an M. A. hood. He is an aspiring, even a *medalsome* lad. He spends most of his time working out and drawing lines to infinity. W. A. wears a cane and says "Bah Jawve!" After graduating he will adopt teaching as a profession, and if Queen's ever gets big enough will come back as Professor.

No. 27.—Our last subject, E. J. Etherington, is by no means the least important. He is a positive man, and was never known to make a mistake, never talked too loud or too long, walked too fast or too slow, or became a victim to any of the follies that ordinary mortals are heirs to. Nothing ever bothers him, not even Physics; and nothing ever excites him, not even foot-ball. His year saw the advisability of securing the services of such a man to hold the scales of justice, and accordingly he occupies the highest position in the Concursus. The graduating class has chosen him as its valedictorian, and we heartily concur in the choice.

THE GREAT CONVENTION AT CLEVELAND.

Mr. J. Sinclair, M.A., was, along with Mr. W. R. McIntosh, of Toronto University, sent as a delegate from the Canadian Inter-Seminary Missionary Alliance to the International Convention of Foreign Mission Bands held at Cleveland, Ohio, last month, and, at the last meeting of our Missionary Society, he gave a report of his experiences. Mr. Sinclair was eloquent in praise of the magnificent scale on which our cousins do business and dispense hospitality. Especially did he admire the expeditious manner in which the convention was conducted. It lasted three days, the meetings being held in the new Y.M.C.A. building, which was just opened on that occasion. This is a palatial home, erected at the cost of \$250,000.

The object of the Convention was to bring delegates into personal contact with the Secretaries of Foreign Mission Boards from all parts of the world, with returned Missionaries, and with one another, in order that the facts gathered and discussed among them should be scattered as burning brands to all the places represented. There were present 17 Secretaries, 30 returned Missionaries, and 530 student delegates. As Mr. Sinclair is to give a detailed report on a future occasion to our Y. M. C. A., he did not wish to do more meanwhile than remark that the greatest impression made upon him was by expositions of the Band motto: "The World for Christ in this Generation." Its real meaning is not exactly the conversion of every heathen in the world during that period, but the starting of christian influences—the lighting of a gospel candle—in every stronghold of paganism. Evangelization does not mean preaching alone, but embraces all that tends to enlighten and elevate. The scheme of Dr. Windsor in India was mentioned as a model one. The great obstacle in that land is *caste*, the iron rules of which banish from society all who adopt the Christian Religion. Thus converts were thrown upon the Mission for support. Now, however, factories are started in order to provide employment for the victims of ostracism. Education and industrial schools are annexed to these factories, where the young are instructed in the callings they develop a taste for. The plan has proved so successful that the Government of India has promised material support. All the returned Missionaries expressed their partiality to such a scheme. These gentlemen spoke in glowing terms of the remarkable way in which God has set his seal upon foreign missions, and honored the efforts and prayers of those engaged in the work. The zeal of those Missionaries themselves was infectious. Though some of them had been for many years away from home and friends, and some were in poor health, every man of them was anxious to return again to his post. They warned intending Missionaries that if ought but love for the Master and for souls inclined them to go, sore disappointment would meet them on every hand; but they warmly encouraged such as are prepared to "stand alone with God."

It is interesting to note the following statistics: Since the volunteer movement was started a few years ago, 6,200 names have been enrolled. Of this splendid army 321 are now in the field; 100 are ready to proceed, and

26 have already received appointments to be filled within a year; 1,200 are still in their Arts course at college, 125 are studying medicine, 125 are in Theology, and 100 in special training; 700 are not able to proceed with their studies at present on account of ill health or want of funds, while 50 have been rejected by the board, and death has taken away 60.

The Canadian delegates had a little conference of their own, at which there was a muster of 26, including Dr. J. Hall, formerly of Queen's. The Doctor wished to be cordially remembered to "old acquaintances" in Kingston.

Early next session the Canadian Inter-Seminary Missionary Alliance will meet in Kingston, and many notable men are expected on that occasion, who will doubtless stir up a more general interest in the glorious enterprise than is now manifested. Mr. Sinclair is the appointed Chairman of the Executive Committee for that Convention.

JUNIOR MEETING.

On Thursday, February 26th, at 5 p.m. the students of the Junior Year held their third reunion, which was fairly well attended, notwithstanding the attraction which the political excitement in the City Hall afforded. After the usual formal opening there was a programme which delighted all present. Mr. Hugo, the precursor of the year, ably sang "Litoria," the class joining him in the chorus. Then followed Mr. Davis with a most pathetic reading entitled "Bill and Joe." Next "The Angel Came," and Miss Anglin showed the class that the musical talent does not all lie on one side. Mr. Stewart then read Carlyle's ideas on books, and after Mr. Smith and Mr. J. McDonald had discussed the subject briefly, some of the other students "had their say" and showed that they had been giving some thought to the subject. Mr. Hugo and Mr. Easton then gave vent to their feelings in that extremely sentimental duet, "Sweet Eveline," which literally broke up the meeting, the class having scarcely energy enough left to join in "Auld Lang Syne."

BOGUS SILVERWARE.

The publishers of that splendid weekly journal, lately so much enlarged and greatly improved, the *Dominion Illustrated*, consulted the advantage of their readers as well as their own in inaugurating the prize competition that will result in the distribution of prizes to the value of over \$3,000 among subscribers during the six months ending June 30. They are not in the word competition or bogus silverware business. Six questions are published in the journal each month. To answer these correctly requires a close study of the contents of each issue of the *ILLUSTRATED* for that month. This study is a valuable literary exercise apart from the consideration of prizes. As to the latter, there are 100 prizes in all, the first being \$750 in gold the smallest being valued at \$5. There are very valuable prizes on the list, and any winner not satisfied can exchange a prize for the cash value named in the list. There is no humbug about such an offer as this. On receipt of twelve cents the publishers (the Sabiston Litho and Pub. Co., Montreal) will forward sample copy with all particulars.

MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

We wish to draw the attention of our readers to a matter which, we believe, requires only to be brought to their notice to receive their hearty support.

The active measures taken from year to year by our Association are well-known to the readers of the *JOURNAL*. We refer in this only to our home mission work. For a number of years the society has sent out and supported in Ontario and Manitoba mission fields several of her members.

During last summer we had four men in Manitoba, one in the N. W. Territories, and one engaged in mission work in the city.

A new church has been opened since Xmas in connection with our city mission work at a cost of about \$2,800. The work this year has been greater than in any previous year, and at present the Society finds itself saddled with a debt of \$400.

Several graduates have been written to and requested to try to raise a collection for the Association of any sum large or small. But we feel there are many others who would like to contribute to the home mission department of our work, and we take this way of letting them know our need.

We shall be very happy to receive contributions from any source. Address, Jas. Cattanach, Treas., Queen's College.

Y. M. C. A.

The last meeting in February was a crowded one, it being announced for the occasion that the Rev. Mr. Carson was to address the students on "Temperance," but for some unexplained reason the reverend gentleman did not appear. The subject, however, was taken up by members extemporaneously, and the stirring speeches of Messrs. Strachan, Sharp and Connery made things quite lively during the sitting. The general feeling was for prohibition "without compensation."

On the 6th inst. Mr. H. R. Grant was to have led a discussion on "Sowing and Reaping," but the meeting was given to the Rev. Mr. Scott, from Dakota, who enlightened the students as to the workings of "the cause" in the far West. Mr. Scott spoke in glowing terms of the country and people among whom he has been laboring for over fifteen years, and of the grand progress the gospel is making now where at first the only Sabbath resort was the tavern. Churches are now to be counted by the hundred there, and prohibition has put down the stronghold of intemperate revelry. Mr. Scott encouraged young men who were not yet decided upon their sphere of christian labor to go to Dakota. He was persuaded any one who was anxious to be useful would find congenial circumstances in that region.

DR. KINGSFORD'S LECTURE.

On the evening of March 14th, Dr. Kingsford delivered an intensely interesting lecture on the Indian wars in Canada in 1763, to an appreciative audience in Convocation hall. The audience, though not small, was not so large as it would have been had the weather been favorable. His sketch of that period of history was vivid and striking.

HUMBUG COMPETITION.

The publishers of the *Dominion Illustrated*, in order to set at rest all doubt as to the value of the prizes, aggregating over \$3,000 in value, which will be distributed in a prize competition among subscribers to that journal during the next six months, announce that any prize winner who is dissatisfied can exchange the prize for the cash value named in the list. The smallest prize is valued at \$5. There are 100 prizes in all and the first one is \$750 in gold. The others include a Heintzman piano, Bell, Karn and Cornwall organs, gold watches and other valuable articles. The competition consists in finding in current numbers of the journal the answers to thirty-six questions, six of which are published each month. This in itself is a literary exercise of great benefit to subscribers, since the *Dominion Illustrated* is in every sense a high class journal, lately enlarged and greatly improved. On receipt of twelve cents in stamps the publishers, (the Sabiston Litho. and Pub. Co., Montreal) will send to any address a sample copy containing full particulars.

PERSONALS.

Dr. R. S. Sands was in the city, seeing old acquaintances.

J. Fleming, who was registered with the class of '91, but has not been in attendance, is in Ottawa.

James Carmichael, B.A., '88, paid us a flying visit a few days ago. He is studying law in Toronto.

Jackie Sparling, who spent a year with us, is now in attendance at the Wesleyan College, Winnipeg.

We are sorry to hear that Rev. W. G. Mills, who lately went to New Westminster, has had an attack of typhoid fever.

Dr. Coon, '90, surprised us by coming to view a few days ago in broad day-light. The hopeful prophecies of last spring are being realized, as he is doing his share at Elgin.

At the recent Inter-Seminary Missionary Convention in Cleveland a conference of Canadian students was held. The first to announce himself was Jimmie Hall, a former student in the Royal, now engaged in City Mission work in New York.

Rev. Allan McCrossie, who is preaching at Corona, N.Y., paid us a visit a few weeks ago. If his parishioners agree with him as well as his personal appearance indicates he is agreeing with them his success is assured. We will always be glad to see you in the halls.

Mr. Percival, who will be remembered by not a few, since leaving us has been continuing his studies at Knox. He hopes to have the right of receiving letters properly addressed, when bearing a prefixed Rev., a call, "\$750 and a manse," and what not, and he will be further heard of.

J. Reid, M.D., '90, whom we mentioned in the last issue as Conservative candidate for Grenville, has been successful, and hopes to be receiving letters soon with M.P. attached. Congratulations, Jack. Ed. Horsey, M.D., for North Grey, was not so successful, but "there's a good time coming."

COLLEGE NOTES.

An old chestnut—exams.

Dr. Robertson was here Feb. 26th.

The Athletic Committee are considering a scheme for a new Gymnasium.

The A.M.S. is very well attended, this is on account of the inter-year debates.

Some of the divinities wear skull caps in class. They had their heads shaved.

A sure sign of spring. Mr Bone was around to pay his annual visit to the boys.

Rev. Jas. Ross, B.D., Perth, resumed lectures in Church History on March 11th.

A modern fashion—For the Professor to address the young ladies of his class by their *sir* names.

For Sale: A good field glass. For further particulars apply to Hugh Ross or the Managing Editor.

It is said that the people of Guelph are longing for a lady physician. Why keep them waiting so long?

Our student subscribers should leave their addresses with the Business Manager before leaving the city.

Quite a number of the students went home to vote. A few of them complained because their man was not elected.

We are glad to hear that Miss Horne, '92, is recovering from her long illness. We trust that she may be able to resume her studies next winter.

Some students are in the habit of yawning and snapping the cases of their watches during lectures. This is very annoying and, to say the least, ungentlemanly.

Some would call forth laughter, some tears; others are worthy of ropes and of prison and chains—yea, even of death—but for the sake of a few righteous, I still retain my good humour from day to day.

At the last meeting of the Sophomore year, Mr. W. L. Grant was unanimously elected Poet of the Class, the previous appointment being cancelled—for expedient reasons. Mr. Young gave an entertaining account of his observations at Niagara Falls. Other members contributed appropriate readings and recitations, and a jolly hour was spent. There will be one more meeting of the year before the session closes.

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

WHO but will attest to the evil effects of the study of Darwinism when students of the Senior Philosophy Class are found producing such effusions as the following:

Whence have come these men and women?
Whence these youths and maidens fair?
All these clever handsome students
Who each winter gather here?

From baboons and pretty monkeys
Of the pentadactyle clan,
From the chimpanzee and lemur
Come these students "spick and span,"
All their philosophic knowledge
From the slugs and earthworms grew,
Mathematics, science, physics,
Both the geese and donkeys knew.

And this music swelling grandly
Through the college halls each day,
Is the chorus to the squealing
Of a little piggy's lay.

'Tis no wonder that the Glee Club
Calls a halt so often now,
When you think it's but the echo
Of the mooing of a cow.

Gaelic spoke the protoplasm,
While in French the orang swore,
Still in Hebrew sing mosquitos,
And in German bull-frogs snore.

(To be continued.)

THE MOON—AN EPIC.

Moonlight bright,
Quiet night,
Just the time for
Cats to fight.
Pst! Meow!
What a row!
See that couple at it
Now.

Youth and maid,
Of light afraid
Dodge the moon and
Court the shade.
Very sad
This lass and lad
Should behave so awful
Bad.

Frogs delight,
Late at night,
To bask beneath the
Moon's pale light.
Hear them drone
"Hone Sweet Home"
In their mellow bari-
Tone.
Solemn owls,
Cheeky fowls,
Make night hideous
With their howls—
"To whoo! To whoo!!"
What's the matter with you?"
Think they're smart these chickens
Do.

East gets red
Moon in dread
Thinks it's time to
Go to bed;
Says "Good Night,"
Drops from sight,
Leaves the world in broad day-
Light.

It may be gratifying to our readers to know that the fellow who wrote this thing has been caught. The doctor is afraid that it is chronic, but a course in an asylum may do wonders.

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